

Sensitive — encode  
when have opportunity

Psych. c1

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Here I am going to confess to — or, to be more accurate, brag about — some misdeeds I have committed in the last few years.

There is a small, functioning mine — I'll call it Mine X for future reference — a few miles from my cabin, on the south side of the ridge that runs east from here. They had a large diesel engine mounted on the back of an old truck, apparently for running a large drill for boring holes in rock. In summer '75 I put a small quantity of sugar in the fuel tank of the diesel engine and also in the gas tank of the truck. Sugar in the gas is supposed to severely damage an engine because it gets into the cylinders and acts as an abrasive. But I don't know if this works in diesels (maybe sugar is soluble in gasoline but not in diesel fuel — or something). Somebody used to have an oldish house-trailer parked at an abandoned mine up Fields Gulch; it seemed to be used only in hunting season. In Summer '75 I broke into this trailer by unscrewing some screws and prying off a metal window-frame, ruining it in the process. (I had a strong psychological inhibition against breaking the window, even though it's very unlikely anyone could have been within earshot.) I stole a few cans of food from the trailer. There was a bed under the remainder

rain later. (Next summer I (2)  
noticed the trailer had been  
removed.) Still in Summer '75,  
I went to the camp - apparently  
it is an outfitter's camp - along  
the divide trail east of the Trout  
Creek drainage. They have a corral  
there, and a little way back in  
the woods, a kind of lean-to  
with equipment stored in it. I  
stole an axe (this is the axe I  
still use), poked holes in several  
5-gallon plastic water-containers,  
took the stovepipe and hid it off  
in the woods, smashed 2  
thermometers, and scattered most  
of the other stuff around. At the  
end of Summer '75, after the  
roving-by of motorcycles near  
my camp spoiled a tube for me, I  
put a piece of wire across a trail  
where cycle-tracks were visible, at  
about neck height for a motorcyclist.  
(Next summer I found someone had  
wrapped the wire safely around a tree.  
Unfortunately, I doubt anyone was  
injured by it.) Summer '76 I  
went back to Mine X and put a  
generous quantity of sugar in  
the fuel-tank of the diesel engine  
and the gas-tank of the truck.  
Fall '76, when those guys were  
taking rock for landfill from near  
the cabin here, I went at night  
and put a large quantity of sugar  
in the gas tank of an oldish pickup  
truck they had left there. Also in  
Fall '76 I went to a certain cabin

in Rochester Gulch. From tracks (3)  
I've seen, I am pretty confident  
that it is the people who own  
this cabin who are responsible for  
much of the motorcycle-roaring  
that occurs on the ridge that runs  
east from Baldy. Parked behind  
the cabin I found 2 snowmobiles  
and a "coot" (a 4-wheeled off-road  
vehicle). I sugged the gas on the  
coot and one of the snowmobiles.  
Spring '77 I went back to this same  
cabin. There was a diesel earth-  
moving machine parked near it,  
and I sugged the fuel tank. Then I  
unscrewed a window from its frame  
(still that inhibition about breaking  
windows), entered the cabin, stole  
a trail axe, slashed the mattresses  
of 6 beds they had there, slashed a  
sofa, and poured out a  $\frac{1}{3}$ -full  
bottle of vodka. Summer '77 I  
set a booby-trap intended to kill  
someone, but I won't say what kind  
or where, because if this paper is  
ever found, the trap might be  
harmlessly removed. But it probably  
doesn't have more than maybe a  
1 in 5 chance of killing or ser-  
iously injuring someone. Summer  
'77 I strung a neck-wire for  
motorcyclists along the divide trail  
above Rooster Bill Creek. Later I  
found the wire was gone. Whether it  
hurt anyone I don't know.  
Summer '77, up South Fork Humburg  
I shot a cow in the head with my  
.30-30, then got the hell out of there.  
I mean a rancher's cow, not an  
elk cow. Summer '77, I went

Lee Mason's mailboxes with my ④  
are in such a way that it looks  
as if some vehicle might have hit it.  
Fall '77 I went to some cabins  
along Dalton Mountain Road. There was  
one pretentious-looking cabin still  
not finished on the inside. There  
was a small house-trailer parked  
on the lot, immaculately furnished  
inside. I stole a rusty animal  
trap I found outside the cabin.  
Overcoming my earlier inhibition,  
I smashed most of the windows in  
the trailer, then reached inside with  
my rifle and smashed a Coleman  
lantern and 2 gas lamp fixtures. I  
smashed 6 panes on the cabin. At  
the cabin next door I shot a hole  
in a new tire on a trailer. Then  
I got the hell out pretty quick,  
because all this was noisy of  
course, and close to the road.

As a result of indoctrination  
since childhood, I had strong in-  
hibitions against doing these things,  
and it was only at the cost of great  
effort that I overcame the inhibitions.  
I think that perhaps I could now  
kill someone (and I don't mean just  
set a booby trap having only a fractional  
chance of success), under circum-  
stances where there was very little  
chance of getting caught. But I'm  
not sure I could, because often  
one's brainwashing turns out to be  
stronger than one thought.

As for motivation: I hate  
the technological society because

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it deprives me of personal autonomy. The technological society may be in some sense inevitable but it is so only because of the way people behave. Consequently I hate people. (I may have some other reasons for hating some people, but the main reason is that people are responsible for the technological society and its associated phenomena, from motor-cycles to computers to psychological controls. Almost anyone who holds steady employment is contributing his part in maintaining the technological society.) Of course, the people I hate most are those who consciously and wilfully promote the technological society, such as scientists, big businessmen, union leaders, politicians, etc., etc. I emphasize that my motivation is personal revenge. I don't pretend to any kind of philosophical or moralistic justification. The concept of morality is simply one of the psychological tools by which society controls people's behavior. My ambition is to kill a scientist, big businessman, government official, or the like. I would also like to kill a Communist.

Aug 21, 1978: I came back to the Chicago area in May, mainly for one reason; so that I could more solol.

attempt to murder a scientist,  
businessman, or the like. Before  
leaving Montana, I made a bomb in  
a kind of box, designed to explode when  
the box was opened. This was a long,  
narrow box. I picked the name of  
an electrical engineering professor  
out of the catalogue of the Rensselaer  
Polytechnic Institute, and addressed  
the bomb - package to him. I took  
the package to downtown Chicago,  
intending to mail it from there (this  
was in late May, I think around the  
28th or 29th), but it didn't fit in mail  
boxes, and the post-office package-  
drops I checked did not look as if they  
would swallow such a long package,  
except in one post-office (Merchand-  
ise Mart); but that was where I had  
bought stamps for the package a few  
days before, so I was afraid to go  
there again because, going there  
twice in a short time, my face might  
be remembered. So I took the bomb  
over to the U. of Illinois Chicago Circle  
Campus, and surreptitiously dropped  
it between two parked cars in the lot  
near the science and technology build-  
ings. I hoped that a student - pref-  
erably one in a scientific field -  
would pick it up, and would either  
be a good citizen and take the  
package to a post office to be sent to  
Rensselaer, or would open the  
package himself and blow his  
hands off, or get killed. I checked  
the newspapers carefully afterward  
but could get no information about  
the outcome of what I did - the papers  
seem to report only crimes of  
special importance. I have not the  
least feeling of guilt about this -  
on the contrary, I am proud of  
what I did. But I wish I had some  
assurance that I succeeded in

killing or maiming someone. I am now working, in odd moments on another bomb.

May 31, 1979. The bomb mentioned just above used match-heads as an explosive. Earlier this month I left it in a room marked "graduate student research" at the Technological Institute at Northwestern University. The bomb was in a cigar box and was arranged to go off when the box was opened. I did it this way instead of mailing the bomb to someone because an unexpected package in the mail might arouse suspicion, especially since a short while before there had been an incident in the news where cops in Alabama had been killed and maimed by a bomb sent them in the mail.

According to the newspaper, a "graduate researcher" at Northwestern was "hospitalized with cuts on the arms and burns around the eyes" as a result of my bomb. (Tribune, May 9) Unfortunately, I didn't notice anything in the article indicating that he would suffer any permanent disability. I figured the bomb was probably not powerful enough to kill (unless one of the lead pellets I put in it happened to penetrate a vital organ). But I had hoped that the victim would be blinded or have his hands blown off or be otherwise maimed. Actually, the guy might have been blinded if he hadn't been wearing glasses. The article said his "eyeglasses were blown off." He had burns around the eyes, and maybe he would have had burns in the eyes if his



glasses hadn't momentarily retarded the flow of hot gasses. Well, at least I put him in the hospital, which is better than nothing. But not enough to satisfy me. Well, live and learn. No more match-head bombs. I wish I knew how to get hold of some dynamite. (8)

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By the way, my motive for keeping these notes separate from the others is the obvious one. Some of my other notes contain hints of crime, but no actual accounts of felonies. But these notes must be very carefully kept from everyone's eyes. Kept separate from the other notes they make a small, compact packet, easily concealed.

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